

Chapter 2: Conflict in Latin America
“The Journey to Venezuela”
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Finally heading into Venezuela after that long flight from my hometown Long Island. I see the Lake Maracaibo as its waters swish and sway in the distance. I smell the fresh air as I get off the plane. I walk in and as im heading towards where the luggage comes out, im looking for my luggage I see my old friend Kara Wood in the corner of my eye. I go over to her feeling very happy to see her after such a long time. So I go over to say hi. I wondered what she was doing and where she was going. She told me she was visiting family here in Venezuela on vacation as she was getting her luggage too.

Then all of the sudden I hear gun shots. I see everyone getting on the floor so I do too and so does Kara. I feel fear rushing through my body. Me and my friend are on the ground too scared to say anything. We see a tall dark skinned man with an AK 47 in his hand; he walks over to the clerk's desk and says to the clerk “give me all of your money or else I will kill you and everyone in this building”. The very scared woman gives the man stack and stacks of money. I hear the slamming of the stacks on the counter. I can hear police sirens in the distance. Then I see the tall dark skinned man running as fast as he could to get out of the building. And he quickly gets into someone's car and speeds away with gray smoke trailing behind him.

Finally the police cars pull up as I sighed in relief. Three or four cops get out their cars; they tell everyone to quickly evacuate the building. I see the building filling up with this thick purple smoke, it smells like rotten fish. I slowly get up and see the scrambling of feet across the floor so me and Kara quickly run out of the building as fast as we can “wondering what is going on?”. As I am running out of the building I hear a huge explosion right behind me; I feel like im going to die right there on the spot I was so scared. I fall to the ground and slowly my mind goes blank and I faint. Few hours or minutes later I wake up and I see my friend kneeling next to me she said “its ok your ok you just fainted for a little while”. I get up feeling a lot of pain. We go over to one of the police man and ask him if he could give us a ride home he agreed feeling sorry for me that I fainted. So we got the police car.

Kara slid in first then I slid in last. We riding to my house and on the side of the street there is this man just standing there waving at the police car so I see him and ask if the police man could stop to see what the man wanted. The police man pulls over to the side of the rode wondering what the man wanted. I got out of the car and walk over to him. He says “I know the reason why the building blew up when you were walking out of it.” It's because a migrant worker in Venezuela wanted to industrialize more of Venezuela so he would have a better job there. But he wanted to industrialized part of where the jungle was so the eco-tourists stared an angry mob against the man. But the man was at that air port to flee from the mob and the country. The eco-tourists found out he was at the air port and threw a gas bomb in the building which causing the building to explode”. I said so “what do I have to do with this, I don't even know you”.

But since we were in the same building as the other man the eco- tourists think we are part of it too. So we have to move to a welfare state so we don't live on the streets. We can't move off to the coast because Venezuela is landlocked. We are going to have to try and move to Europe because it will be hard because Venezuela has an embargo on all of Europe. So we should go to Brazil but not where the favelas are ok. And it is also a free trade zone. My aunt lives on a subsistent farm close to Brazil so we can live with her. Let's get moving!